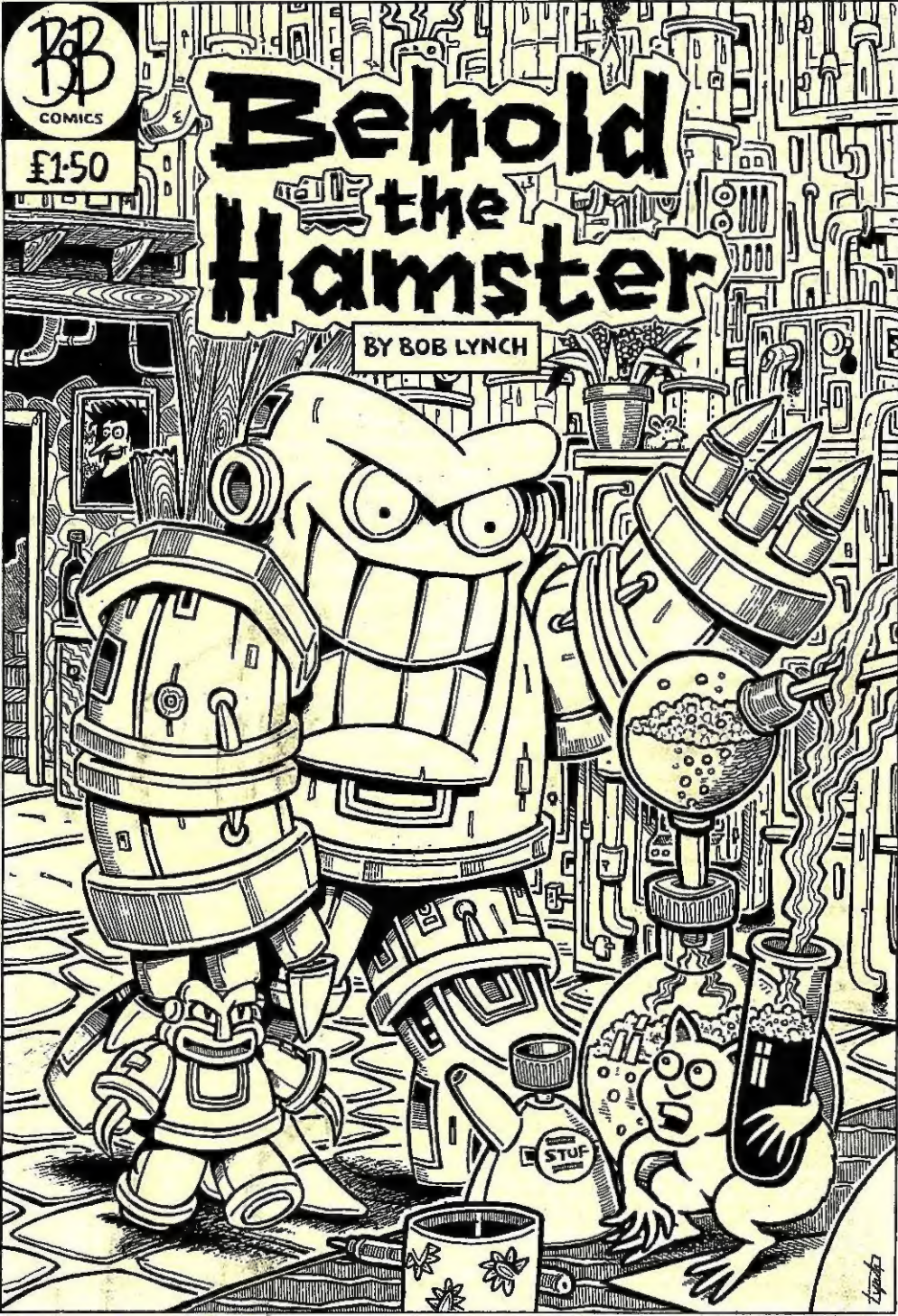




£1.50

Behold the Hamster

BY BOB LYNCH



4/20/87

BEHOLD THE HAMSTER

BY BOB LYNCH. EPISODE ONE.



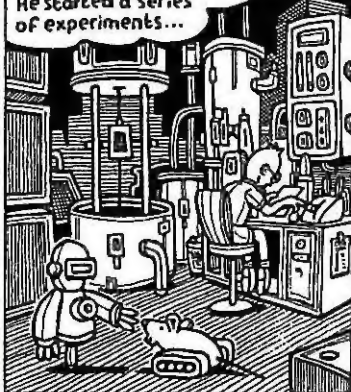
Six years ago, a baby boy named Demitrius was born. His parents, Sav and Juline Sadness, called him Dim.



One day he was bit by a radioactive mad Scientist.



The effects of the bite swelled his brain until his intellect was twice the power of Einstein's. He started a series of experiments...

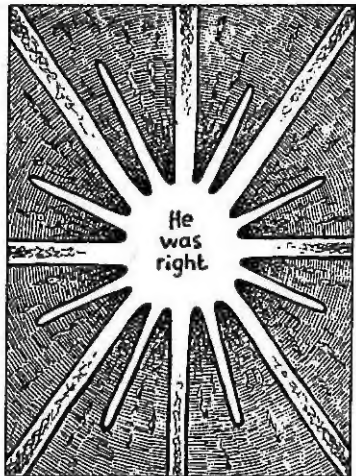


...which he took too far.

I will go super-nova within the next hour or so.



He was right



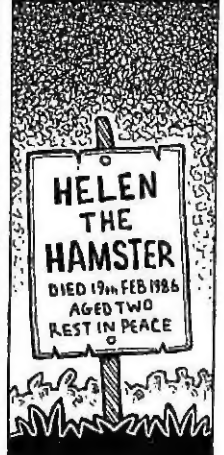
But Dim did not die. He became a nebula cloud, and floated above the city.

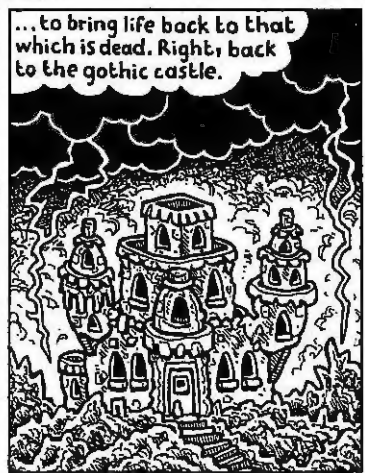
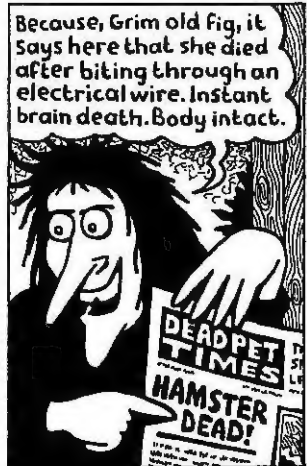


Meanwhile, in a suburban garden, a mournful ceremony takes place.



HELEN
THE
HAMSTER
DIED 19th FEB 1986
AGED TWO
REST IN PEACE

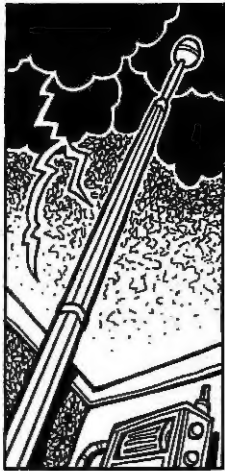




Everything's set and running Sire, and the storm appears to be at its zenith.



Then raise the conductor into the sky, it's time to pull life from the hands of God!



Hey, wow! A thunderstorm! I think I'll go and have a close look at it!

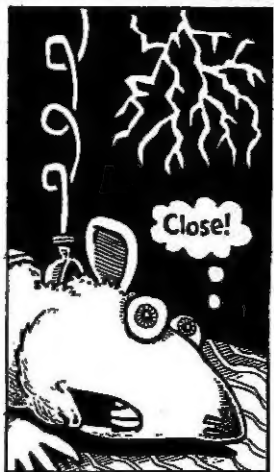


Yikes! That's a bit...

This is the one!



Close!



Sire! Sire! There is life in the creature!



At last, I have created life, and, if my experiments were correct, it will turn out more intelligent than four thousand hamsters. Forget mere man...



Behold the Hamster!



Erm, Sire...

While realising this is a cartoon, and therefore the strict rules of science need not be adhered to, I do think that the bit about 'more intelligent than four thousand hamsters' should be fully explained.



Okay Grim. But first of all I'll put my false hands on again. The artist has just decided that these claws are a bugger to draw. Aint that right?



As you know, the brain is made of black dots with arrows indicating the flow of thought. All this runs under the brain's electricity.



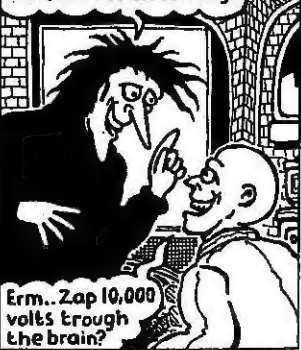
The electricity is self generated by the brain's perpetual motion. The average brain generates 250 volts, enough to power a light bulb. Hence the cliché.



It is estimated that the power generated by the thoughts of a genius could run an entire household. See below...



Now, the problem is how do you make a brain more intelligent? Increase the number of dots and arrows? Increase the electricity?



Fool! Remember how our hamster died. But, start with a dead brain, fill it with electricity and...voila!...you have an intelligent, intellectual re-animated creature. If Mary Shelley had known this, her Frankenstein monster would have looked and acted thus...



You know Grim, this page has been more than a little bit on the over-wordy Side. Perhaps a bit of Silly Slapstick will balance it. Don't you think?



Now, I suppose you wanted to ask me what I'm going to do with a super-intelligent hamster? Am I right?



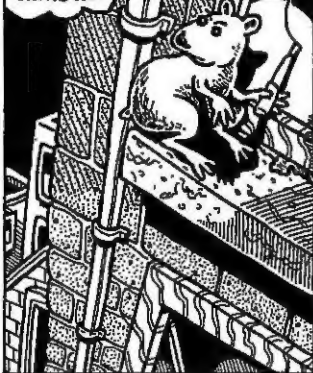
Well, I actually wanted to ask if your chewing-gum lost its Flavour on the bed-post overnight.. Sire?



Erm...yes...but back to the hamster. This clever little creature is going to earn me a fortune in a career of crime. I shall explain...



She will shin up to a bed-room window, and cut though the glass and climb in.



Once inside, she will find the woman's jewellery, and prise the gems out of their sockets.



She will then place the gems into her pouches, and make her escape.



I get it! You want to steal from the rich and give to the poor! Or you want to use the undeserved massed wealth of the privileged classes to fund experiments that will benefit mankind!



Do what? Why should I want to give to the poor and benefit mankind? I'm doing all this for me, mate. You can take the lower orders and stuff the blighters!



Horrid little things always saying 'do this do that do something for us'. Well I'm a go-getter, not a do-goader. It's about time they learnt how to stand on their own two feet and do what I did, worked my bot off!



Capitalist scabbug! The same old story! The rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer! You have made me a traitor to my class!



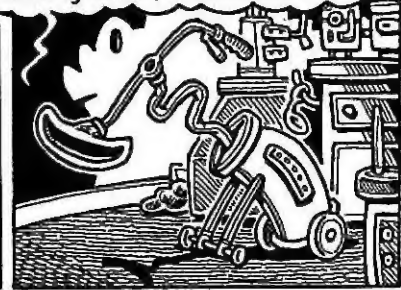
Commie peasant! To think that when I found you, you were down to throwing wet fish at a brick wall! I made you!



Gentlemen!
Gentlemen!

Yes folks...it's Val Vacuumcleaner, the Alliance Appliance, Speaking.

Gentlemen! Both economic principles have their advantages and their drawbacks. I say that we must pick the good points from both and create the only viable political situation!



By all the laws of science! Where did this deadly, bottomless pit spring out from?!!



ARRRGHH!..THOP...
EEEE!!..SHTOBF!...
DUNK!..DUNK!..
DUNK!..OOOOAH!..
SICKENING
SPLAT!



ZZZZ...
ZZZZ...
ZZZZ...
...HUH..?

Oh Jeez, yawn, I've had a weird dream. First I exploded, then I became a cloud, then ended up as a female hamster. Jeez...how weird.



Oh well, I'd better get up and do some work. There's the transmitters to be cleaned, the radium tubes to be changed, hands to be shaved and fingernails to be trimmed and...



YIKES! MY HANDS!
MY FINGERNAILS!
This is a bother..!

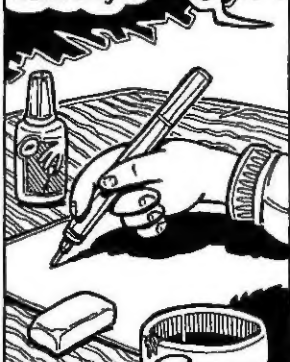


In a lonely artist's garret.

Oh shtum-shtum-shtum! I can't get this hamster right. How can I secure the blasted merchandising deal with such a badly drawn hamster?



I'll just knock out the sub-plots before sorting out the hamsters new image.



Deep in the fetid bowels of the Earth, a figure moves. Lifting itself out from the primeval gunk... it opens its mouth and gives forth a horrid sound...

Bluurgth!! Hak-kak-kak!
Orrrrgh...orrrgh...errgh!
Koff-koff-koff-karrgth!



God! Lucky I fell into this gunk. I had better find me a primeval shower and get cleaned up.



That's better. Almost makes up for losing the hamster.



That hamster would have made me my fortune if Grim hadn't gone pinko on me.



Better dead than red, what do you think, Grim? Better to drown in the primeval swamp than to ruin my plans with your commie schemes.

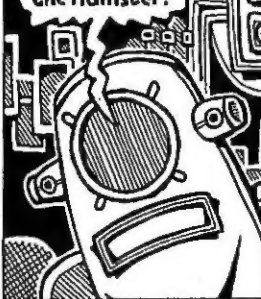


Oh well, such is life. I might as well make the most of things as I find them. Would have liked to have kept the hamster though.

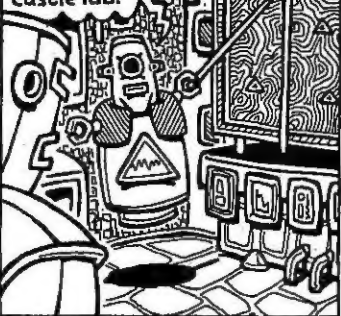


Meanwhile, 2,016 years in the future.

Oh, Top Digit!
We have found the hamster!



The time and space co-ordinates meet in the delta-sixty convergent point. It's trapped in a cage, inside a castle lab.



If we send a killerobot after him while she is in the cage, then we can have it killed before the hamster can do anything.



Now, before I authorise the expenditure of a rather costly killerobot, assure me that this.... hamster.... is the leader of the organic revolt.



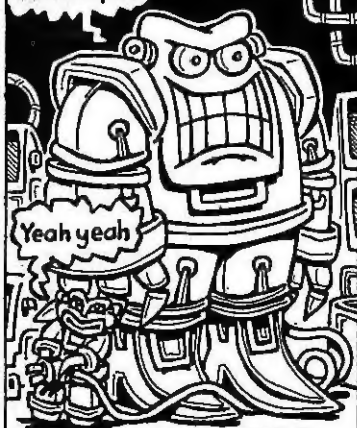
Erm...we cross our microchips and hope to short circuit if we lie.



So send out the great Grrrumph!

Yeah yeah!

Grrrumph!



Yeah yeah

Present day, on a wind-blasted heath (damnit).

Oh Beth darling, we are alone but together on this heath. Just you, me, our love, the grass, trees, clouds, a few birds....



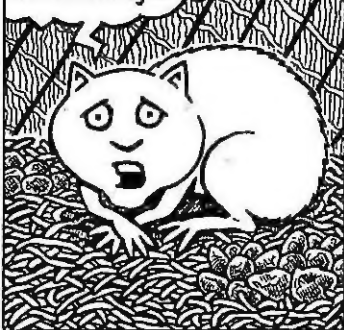
...and a dirty great big killerobot sent from the distant future, as in 'The Terminator!'



Oh, Reggie you are ever so wacky.

Meanwhile, in a castle lab.

Before I do something about my new body, cute as it is, I had better escape from this cage.



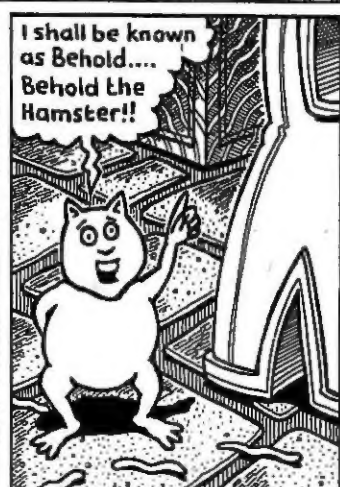
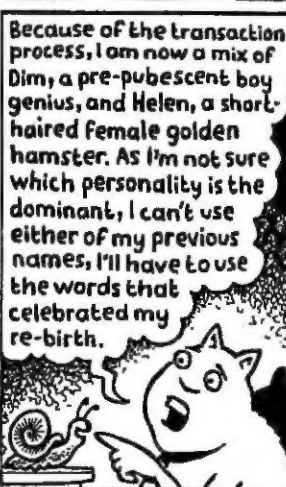
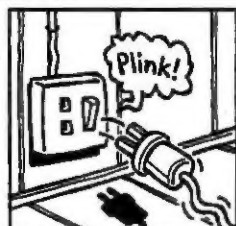
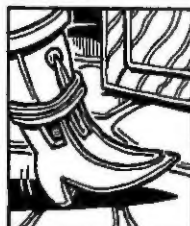
GRR
RUM
PH!!

Wassat noise?!



GRRRUMPH!
GRRRUMPH!





Meanwhile, in a dark, subterranean bar...

KEV'S

Behold? Stupid name for a hamster, eh?

Not half as stupid a name as Fish though.



Do what? I'll have you know that many millions of us think that Fish is a perfectly good name.



Fish might be a good name for those of a piscine nature, but sounds drug-induced when pertaining to a pop person.



Enough of the banter, me old wit-waggerers, I've a story to get back to.



Now that he's gone, doncha think that Sire's a stupid name?

I said gimme a drink!



Holy Gosh! That's just the thing I've been on the look-out for!



By its smell and skin texture, I'd say it's been frozen since the Jurassic age, but has recently thawed. Perfect.



Damn, there goes our lunch!

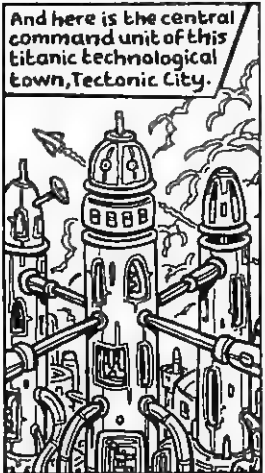


Meanwhile....

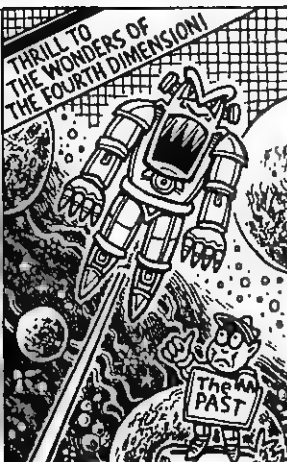
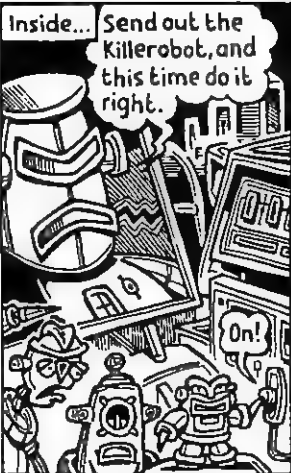
Welcome to
the future...



And here is the central
command unit of this
titanic technological
town, Tectonic City.



Inside...
Send out the
Killerobot, and
this time do it
right.



I have no personal source of
income, yet I can't claim
from the social services. I
have no right to a roof over
my head, no say in the way
this country is run and not
much hope for a long life.



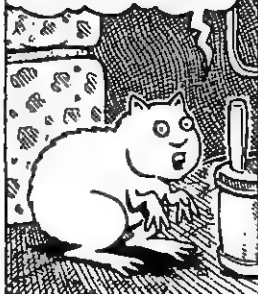
Where is the
hamster? I am
here to kill it!



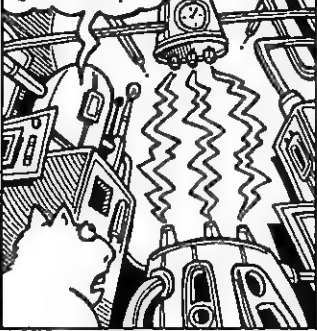
No hamster in here,
this is a gritty, low
rent, social realist
drama. You're in the
wrong story, dearie.

Meanwhile, in
the real story.

Although being a
hamster has its good
points, I have found
a few drawbacks....



This body was pretty old,
in hamster terms, when it
died. Even whole buckets
of volts won't keep it in
good shape



My only hope lies in
my being able to make
a life-longevity potion
from these chemicals.



Two hours later.

Oh pish! Even my genius is stumped. I just don't have the right materials.



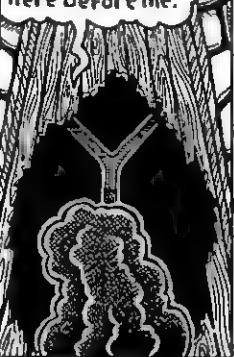
Outside.

This looks like the place, I'd better do me job then.

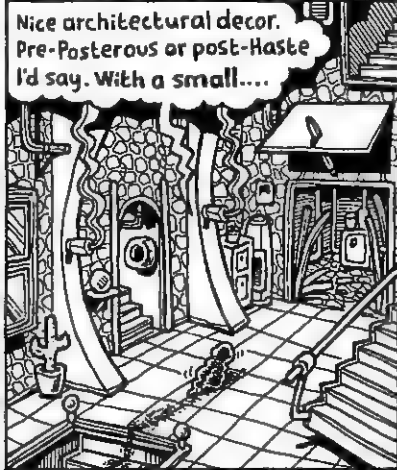


After a brisk hike.

Hmmm. Looks like something's been here before me.



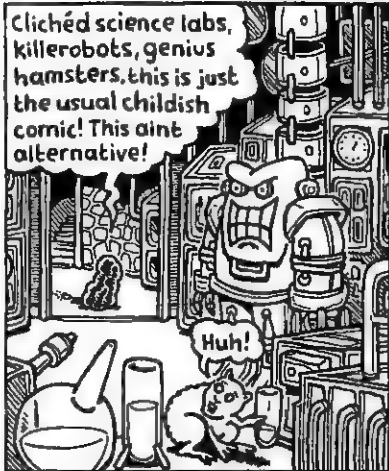
Nice architectural decor. Pre-Posteros or post-Haste I'd say. With a small....



...ruddy hell! By all the fat toads that splash in the effluence of mankind! I've been conned!



Clichéd science labs, killerobots, genius hamsters, this is just the usual childish comic! This aint alternative!



There I was, lying with the rest of the contaminated waste around the Chemspil factory, when suddenly....

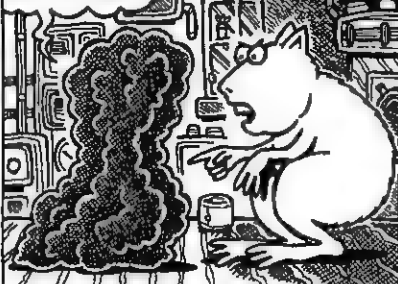


I am the spirit of alternative comix. You shall act as a plot device in 'Behold the Hamster.' Your reward will be your own comic strip.

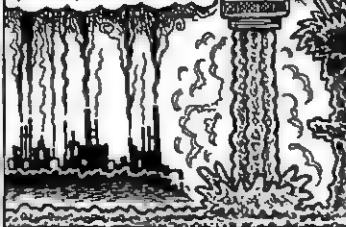


Should've realised it was all a hoax. A smiling sun speaking words of wisdom smacks of too much pot and Tolkien.

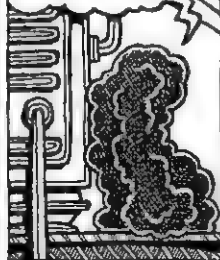
Oh shut the moan and let me have the message, pal!



Well, Chemspil specialize in the dumping of industrial waste. While most companies pollute the environment in a careless manner, Chemspil do it with utmost precision. Where I come from, there are lakes of pure preservative



If you were to go to one of these lakes and bathe in it, you will be preserved for life..Gad! I can't take this crap!

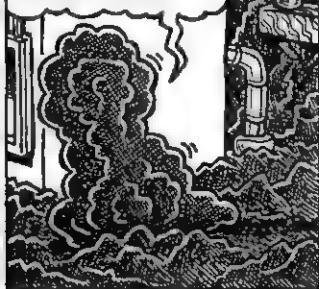


Oh triffy! My story's made its appearance. Good-bye, and the best of luck with the preservatives.

Oh...er...um thanks, g'bye.



I'm going to make this a great story. I'll tear into politics, the class system, pollution, racism and sexism. I'll make the world tremble!



I'll even take control of a wimp and turn him into a radical fire-breather!



Or should that be a fire-eating radical? Gosh, decisions sure are hard to make... huh? Wossat?

Wrrrrr rrrrrr rrrrrr

Clank-zzz-wrrrr-tink-hmmm..



Sounds like there's already something going on in this comic strip.

Rmm-Rm-Rrrrrgg... Clin-clink!



I don't think I like the look of this.



Yes. This is it!

By the condition of its brain, I have fully deduced that this dinosaur was slain by a bolt of prehistoric lightning.



That means it will have electrically enlarged intelligence when brought back to life. This makes up for my losing the hamster.

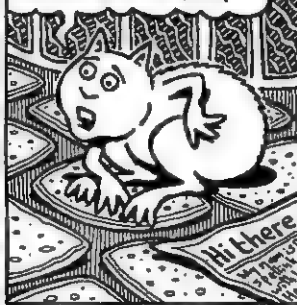


This ain't my own story, this is just a sub-plot to the hamster tale. I've been conned again!



Meanwhile, back in the main story.

That heap of contaminated waste left me without revealing the location of Chemspil.



There must be a map or a guide book to help me uncover the site of their chemical plant! Argh, me ticker!



Looks like I won't even make it to the door, never mind the preserves.



But let us end this episode on a more positive note. Do you remember the woman and the killerobot? Well....



He may be an emotionless killing-machine, but at least he don't clip his toe-nails in the front room.



Will the marriage work? Will Behold the Hamster live long enough for the merchandising rights to be sold? Will the dead dinosaur live up to expectations? Find out in B.H.2



Behold the Hamster

PART 2 BY BOB LYNCH



D'ya think you'll make a good detective then, Kiddy?



I managed to find my way here, didn't I? I don't reckon your work is any harder on the brain than that. And don't call me Kiddy!

Well, you seem to be sharp enough for this job, Miss Maureen Odette. Besides, under the new Youth Job Programme all employed free-lancers have to take on a school-leaver.



Don't think I want to work here. Twenty-nine pounds and two bottles of cheap gin a week ain't my idea of fab wages. And call me Mo-dette.



Yeah, well, I've got a case to solve. Take my phone coils and tidy up the office.



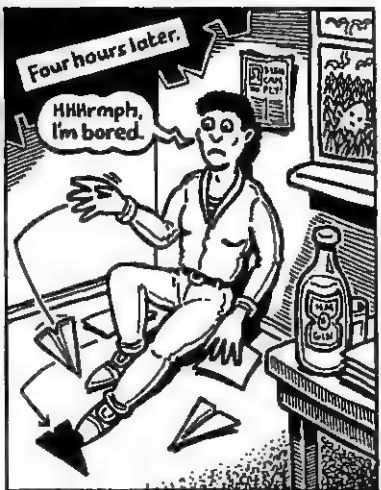
Now then, where's my trusty pistol?

Coming Boss!

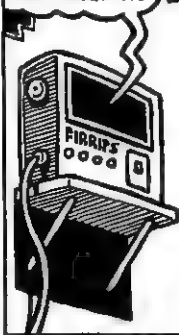


Four hours later.

HHHrrmph, I'm bored.



Ahem! Excuse me, but there's two customers on their way in to see if you can find their....



....I'll deal with this. I say there, we want you to find the dead body of our hamster, stolen from its very grave this morning.

Hhrrmp!



I'm afraid to tell you that the private detective is out at this very moment in time, so I shan't.



Now don't you dance around the may-pole with me, Missy. We have to find our hamster's body in two days....



'...for Tuesday is Blackday Day, when the local devil worshippers try to raise the demon Blub-a-lug. For this perverted rite they need the dead body of a hamster. We think they have our hamster's body.'



So you see, Miss, we want you to find Helen, that's her name, before her body is used and defiled in this evil fashion.



Well, life is rather tedious in this office, and I don't think it's going to get all that much better.



All that, plus my reluctance to share the neighbourhood with a satanic demon. I'll find your hamster and return her to you.



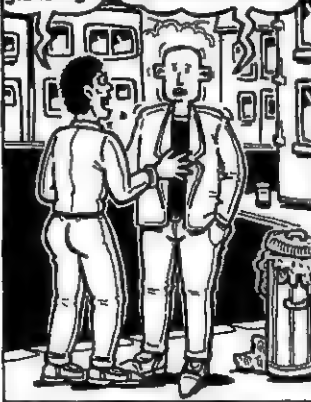
And that, dear reader, is how Mo-dette came into the story of Behold the Hamster.



I'd better start at a pet shop or two, the devil worshippers may have tried to get a live hamster before a dead one.



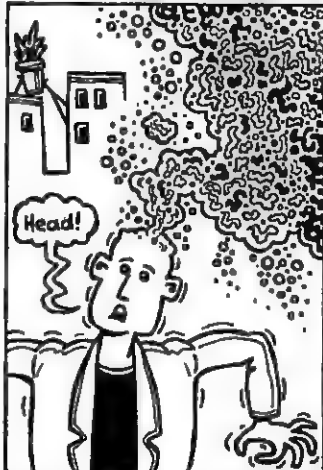
Hi, Flipper, you're a bit jickety. Yeah, I've taken some pills, waiting for their effect.



I'd like to stop and chat, but I've got a job to do. See you around.



Hmm. Something seems to be about to happen inside.. inside my....



Meanwhile, two pet shops later.

Excuse me, have you had anybody around here requesting a hamster?



Funny you ask, Dearie. I had a bunch of devil worshippers asking for one only last week. But I had none. But may I draw your attention to the strange, black-clad scientist who lives in the castle in the Hrurl Hills. He was around here asking for a dead animal in perfect physical condition. This strikes me as a better plot development don't you agree?



Erm...yeah. Thanks, Sir.



I'd better get to that black-clad scientist.



Speaking of that strange black-clad scientist...

Now, let us bring the creature back to life!



Bring it back to life? You're bloody barmy mate, sick in the bleeding bonce!



Pah, the weak mocking of a feeble mind! I shall employ the power of raw elemental electricity to give this extinct titan the kiss of life's lips.



Lightning from the next storm will hit the ground and surge through the earth into the brain!



Oh yeah? Just like that hamster I met, the one you claimed you reanimated?



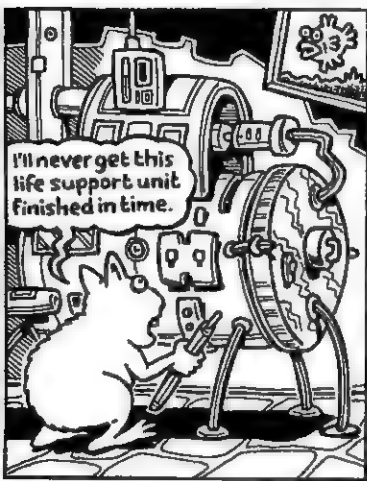
Look, just because I'm letting you wait here till your comic strip shows up, don't mean I have to take lip from you.



Bloody Hell, trapped two thousand feet below the ground with only an uppish clod of contaminated waste for company. And my hamster out of reach. Pah!



Speaking of reanimated hamsters, here she is.



KERRUMP!

Oh cripes, what's that noise? Not another raging killerobot I hope.



It's okay, it's only me. Erm... you ain't seen a dead hamster around here by any chance?



You'll be seeing one if I can't get to the nearest Chemspil Factory soon.



Well, my enquiries have reached an end of line. So I'll help you, chum.

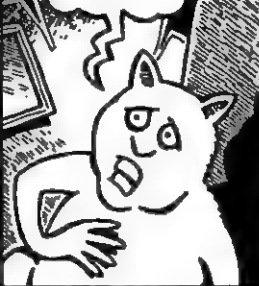


The closest one is over twelve miles away. Tsk. Can you last that long?

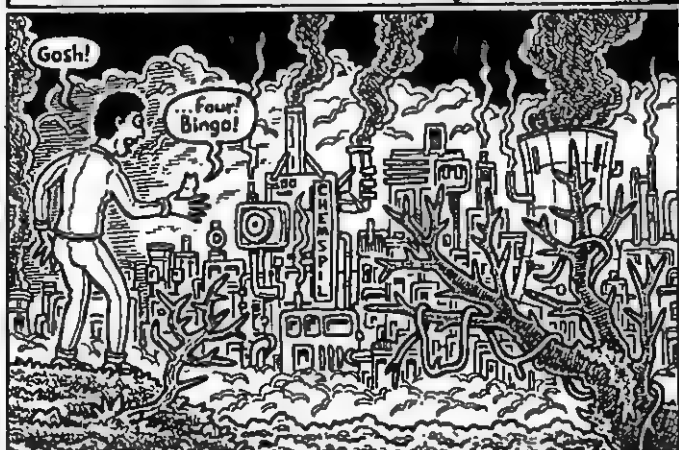


I don't think I can last the whole trip. You had better hop straight into the next panel.

On the count of four. One, two, three.....



Three hours later, in the lush heart of the English countryside.



That looks like the lake of preservatives the lump of waste told me about. Dip us in it so I can put some life inside me.



Uhhhhh.... are you positively positive about that?



Yes! Quick! Before the Butterfly of Life flutters away from me!

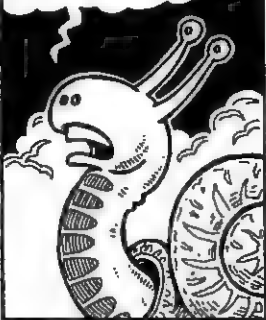


Golly. That young lass has just dropped a hamster into the preservatives.

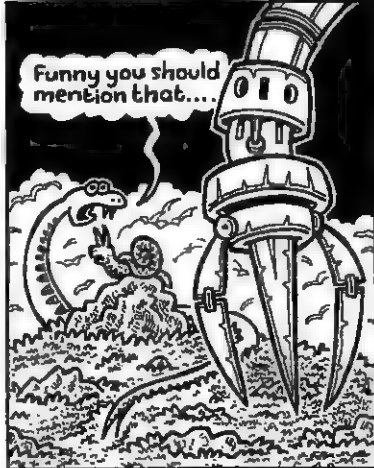
Yes, a rip-off of the Siegfried and Achilles legends.



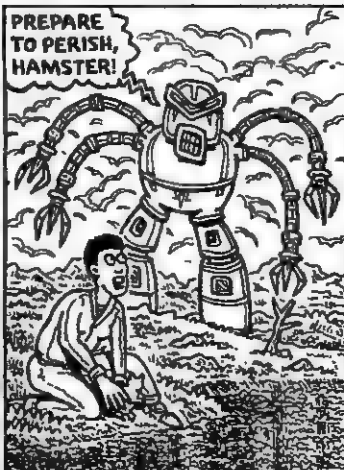
Sometimes the lack of originality shown by today's cartoonists is really sickening. I bet this one brings on a Killerobot next!



Funny you should mention that...



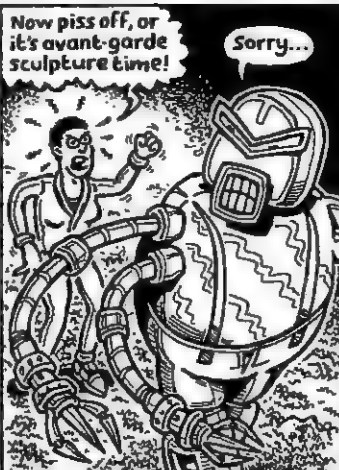
PREPARE TO PERISH, HAMSTER!



I beg your pardon, but as I've just been through a whole heap of bother assisting this hamster, I'm not gonna let you kill it!



Now piss off, or it's avant-garde sculpture time!

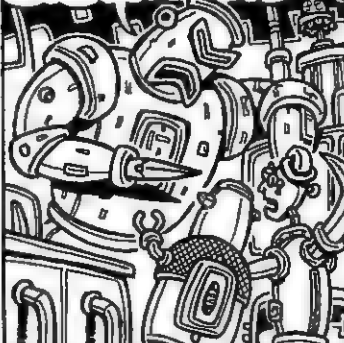


Sorry...

My Cog! Are my Killerobots so timid that a mere organic child could dominate and frighten them?



Well if a job is worth doing, it's worth doing right. I'm going to the past to kill the hamster and stop the organic revolution, myself!

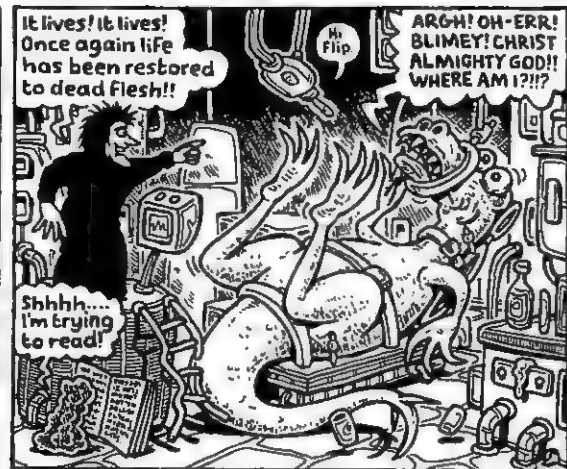
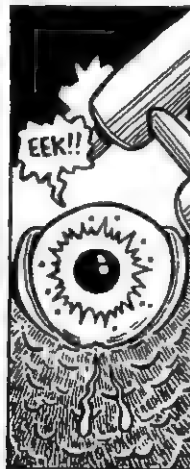
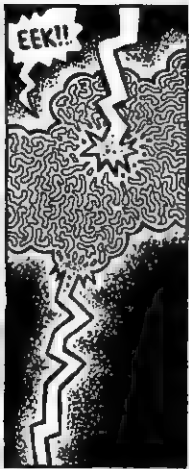
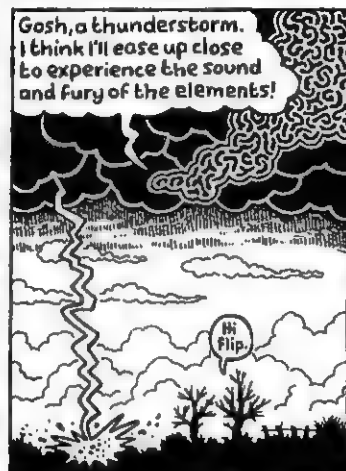
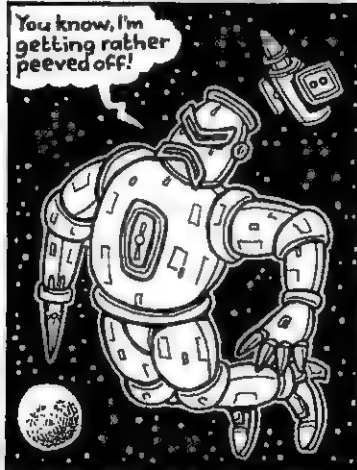


STANBURY! Put me into time-motion!

Yeah yeah!



F
W
M
C
P
H

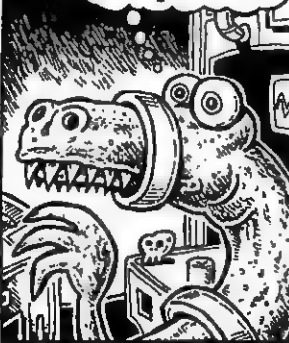


Relax, friend, relax. You're now amongst chums. I've given you your life back, and all I want in return is some help with my crimes.



Uhm...yeah
.... sure.

I'd better humour him while I sort out my situation.



Together we shall extort millions from this cursed country and its people.... starting with Hugetown.



Hahahahahaha!
They shall regret the day they laughed at
DOCTOR D'CAT!!



So the strange black-clad mad scientist accidentally put a new life into the dinosaur. And that explains how.... my god! You are Helen the missing and dead hamster, object of my search!



Yes....
but no.

You see, Miss, I'm a synthesis of Helen and a young genius called Dim. I've renamed myself Behold, or Bee to my friends, Miss...um...



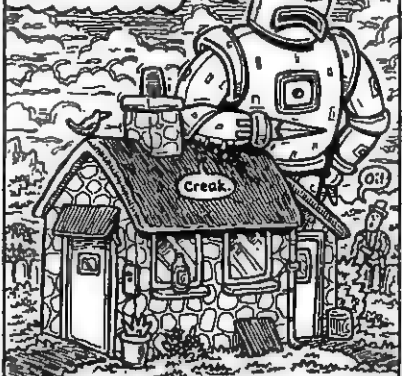
Call me Mo, and, whoever you are now, your poor, Sad owners need to see the body of their Hamster.



I must tell Dim's parents that I'm still alive. Let's set off for Hugetown.



Oh phoo! I don't know where the hamster is, or even what the beast looks like.



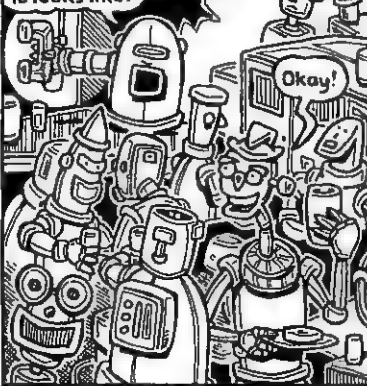
DRING
DRING
DRING
GRIND!



Yeah? Yeah. Oh hi!
Uhm, just a little
party. Sir. Yes, yes,
right..I'll tell it.



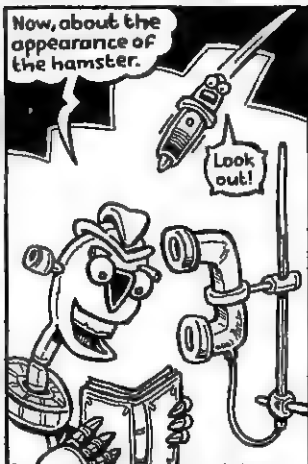
Hey. Denslow, Top Digit
wants to know where
the beast is, and what
it looks like!



Hello there Sir.
By my estimates
the hamster is at
the bus stop. Should
be in Hugetown
in two hours.



Now, about the
appearance of
the hamster.



ARGH! MIND
THE PHONE!!
FFWOPPI!SKT!
RrRrRrRrRr...
- BLIP! -



Sigh....
Better
get on.



Before we go
on to the
exciting climax
of this story,
let us have
some common
decency.



Um... I almost forgot
to thank you for the
life enhancing dunk
back there. It got
lost in all the wild
excitement with
that killerobot.



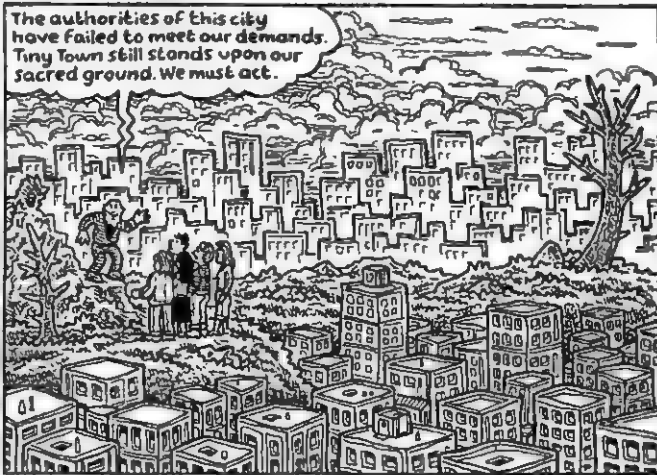
Well I must say, Bee,
that was commonly
decent of you.



And now, let
us proceed
two hours on,
and find the
local devil
worshippers
in Hugetown
facing a
crisis.



The authorities of this city have failed to meet our demands. Tiny Town still stands upon our sacred ground. We must act.



This town's sold out out of dead hamsters, folks, so we had better try to raise the demon Bluba-blug without one. Let's get naked and perform our rituals.



Naked? In front of all these readers?

You're kidding!

My wife may be watching!

A bit cold ain't it?



Pah! You meek fools and pillocks! If you cannot join me, then I'll do it by myself!



Shanto at farnash eft rant lae! Pant eft linste. Pant eft dirt, Pant eft Blub-a-blug! Hurg lurn!



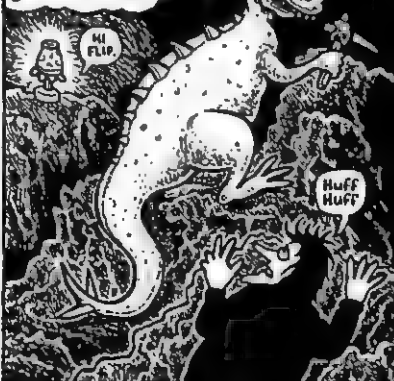
Arise, Blub-a-blug! Come forth from the Fetid Fires of Hell and crush the desecrators!

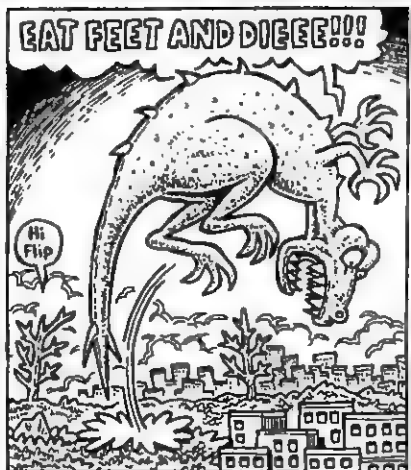
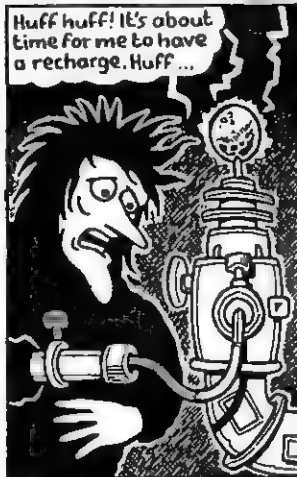


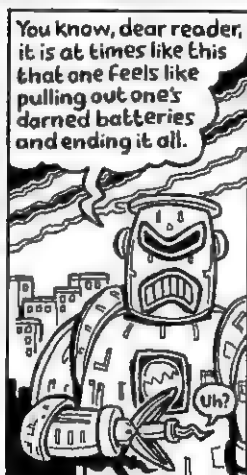
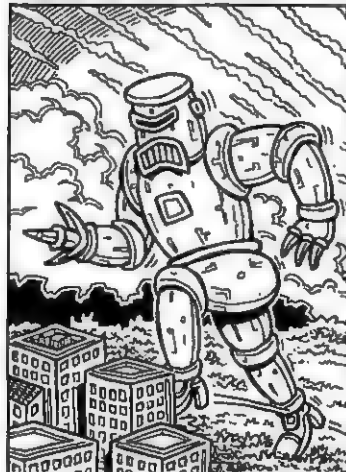
Bloody Hell!! It works!



There appears to be a commotion going on up there on the ground, chief.







It must be the effect of the pills he'd taken. It was Flip who entered the dead body of the dinosaur. How can a synthesis of drug fiend and dinosaur defeat a Killerobot? We must help him! But how?



Hurr
Hmm
Uhhh



BY GEORGE,
I'VE GOT IT!



Driver, fly over to the Ministry of Defence Nuclear Centre and land on the roof.



Righto, background information. Contrary to popular knowledge, the sirens for the four-minute warning are not really sirens, but are in fact loud-speakers.



These are linked to a room in the Nuclear Centre where a man awaits World War 3, kazoo in mouth.



Now you deal with the man while I try to communicate with your friend.

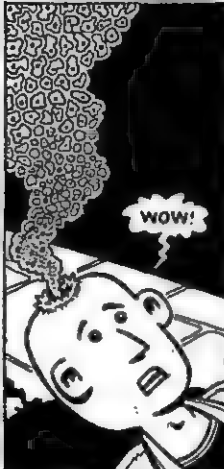


FLIP! FLIPPER! GET OUT OF THAT BODY NOW! THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN DEFEAT A KILLEROBOT! YOU ARE FLESH, YOUR OPPONENT IS METAL, YOU WILL DIE! YOUR FAMILY WILL WEEP AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL MOURN! GET OUT NOW!



Golly gee, that strikes me as one heck of a good idea. I'm....





Well Folks, there is one thing I've found out through this adventure, and that is never, never fool about with drugs.



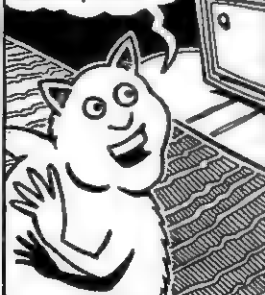
Beam me back now, Denslow, I have just beaten the Hamster!



Hi there, boss old chap, you'll be back just in time for the last jar of happy-juice. Come-on-up.



So, what you say, Mo? We've saved Flip, put the dinosaur back into its proper state and seen the killerobot off. What shall we do for our encore, huh?

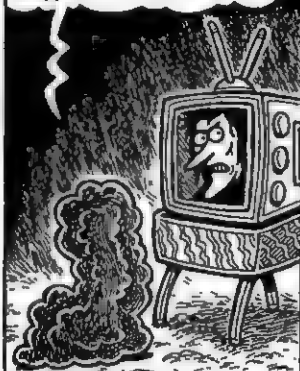


I think we should end this episode on an up-note. Why don't we go for a pizza?



Why don't you leave me bloody office?

Well, tsk, hmmm. Not much happening in this panel. I might as well watch what happens to Doctor D'Cat!



Curse upon providence! Bloody satanists go and distract the dinosaur, then it gets the Frights by a disembodied voice. What can happen next?



MY GOD! IT'S YOU! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!!



Think again Sir. Just think again.



BEHOLD THE HAMSTER

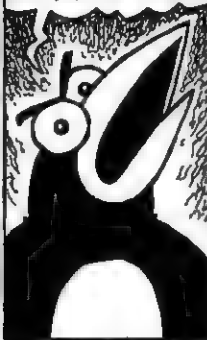
PART
THREE
BY BOB
LYNCH



Oh-oh-oh-oh-my bu-bu-brothers, for to-too long we ha-we-ho-have allowed the hu-hu-humans to exploi-ploi-ploit us, to hu-hu-hu-humiliate us, to wu-wu-wipe us out. I say ee-ee-ee-ee-enough!

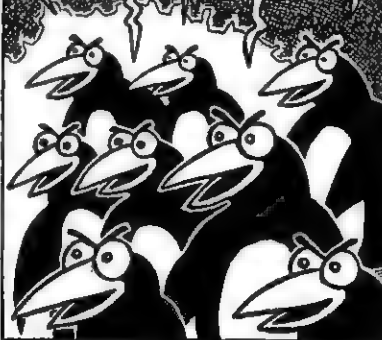


An-and now I sa-sa-say to you oh-oh-oh my ba-ba-brothers
**REV-REV-REV-REV-
REVOLUTION!**



Yeah, that's right, Chief! Well said! I'll have me a vodka, orange and ice-cubes!

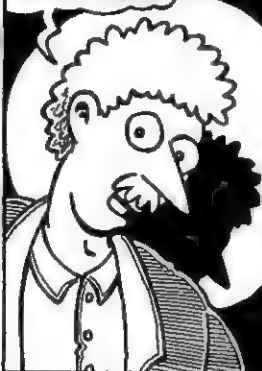
Hear hear! Hear hear! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!



My God, Reggie was right. The penguins are on the war-path!



I'll have to inform the authorities before there is bloodshed in the streets.

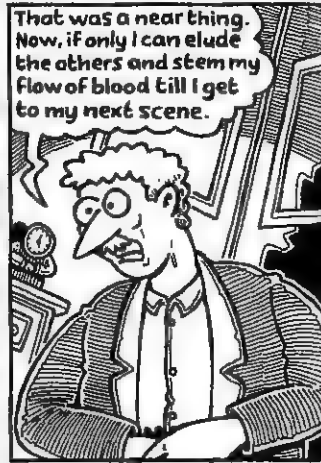
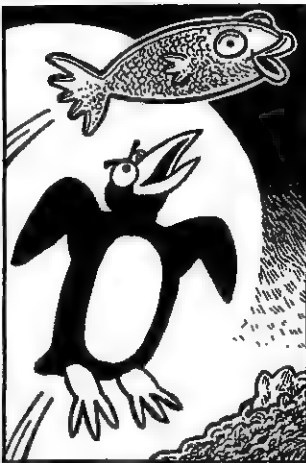


Whoops! Wah! Hell! I forgot about this utensil display!



Somebody's out there! Get yer knives and get the human!





Let us now descend to street level and meet Behold and Mo-dette.



I'd rate it a good pizza, but not a particularly great pizza. Are we getting near your mum and dad's house yet, Mo?



It's just around the corner, Bee, but I'd rather you didn't come in with me, er....



Sort of. You see, I've never got on with my parents. They never beat me or things like that. They ju-just told lot's of aw-awful jokes!



Now you just sit on this pedestal and wait for me.



Hello Mum, hello Dad. I want to talk about something that will affect all our lives.



This rain is affecting me, Mo. I tell you, it's Noah joke. Ark can't stand it. Know what I mean? Noah. Ark. Hahaha!



Oh Mum, stop it, please will you stop it! I can't stand the constant puns you pour out all the time! Why can't you and Dad be serious?!!



Well, instead of a pun I'll tell you some news. It seems that Paul the punctual pundit punched Pete the pungent punster as punishment for puncturing his punt.



Oh for Christ's sake, I'm fed right up to me back teeth with the both of you! I'm leaving, getting a proper job and building a better life.



I'm gonna take my make-up, my roll-ons, my records and cassettes, my cactus fish, my books, my clothes, my telly, my lamp, my pens...



...and I'm gonna take my leave of you, Tara!



Tell me, Anton, do you think we brought our Mo up correctly?

I can't say, Lisa my dear, I did not know we had eaten the girl.



HA ha ha HAHAHA ha HAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHA ha ha ha ha HAHAHA!



Bloody parents. To think that I threw my childhood to the wind for those two. Makes my blood vapourise!!



Hello, Mo. How'd it go?



Let's just say it's gone, Bee old girl. Let's go and have an adventure.

Mo-dette.



GHEEEAAHH! MR. DIGGER!!



Sorry to appear in a grisly state, but I've just been put to death by a penguin. Tidy up my remaining cases and pay my bills please, love.



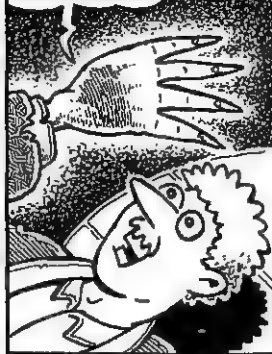
Yeesh! Here Mo, could you remind the readers and let me know who this bleeding man is.



Mr. Digger here runs the private detective agency where your body's owners went for help. I was his part-time dogs body.



An office assistant, you were an office asstagh! The hand of fate is here to snuff out my life like a candle!



Don't be so melodramatic, Digger old chap. I was a boy genius in my previous life and I still have the ability to cure.



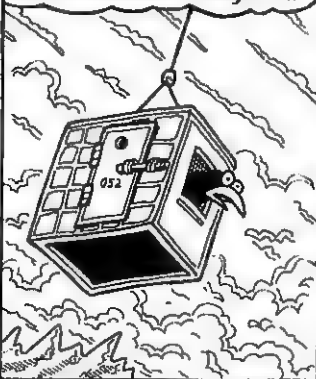
Now, you just lie there and tell us about these penguins while I sort out these nasty cuts.



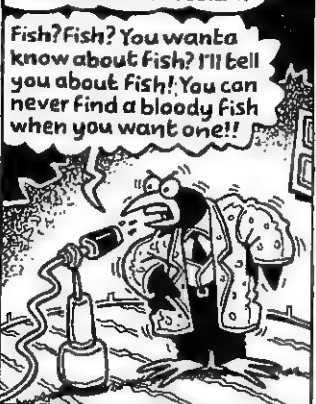
...of all the creatures on this planet, it would be the cute little penguin that would be the tool in nature's revenge-box.



It started with a youngish penguin that went by the name of Ken being snatched and whisked off to England.



Once Ken was in England he was trained to be a radical alternative comedian.



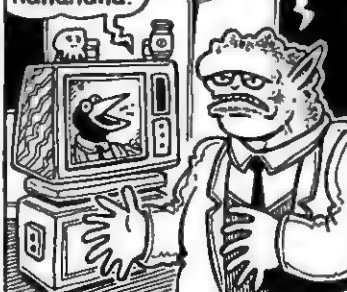
His fame grew with increasing speed until it reached its tip.



But every tip must have a topple.

So I said to him, I said, 'Of course it's a bloody fish, I'm not a damn buddhist!!! Hahahaha!

Call that stuff funny? I had more laughs when I was a mutant.



Ken dropped out of the ratings and onto the streets, washed-up.

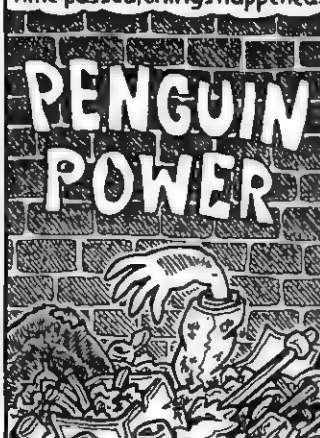
Bloody humans. All they do is mess you ab-ab-ab-ab-about.



So Ken cast-off his human covering and took on...



Time passed, things happened.



Any way, I was put onto the case. I followed the clues up blind alleys and dead ends, until I met Reggie.

There a whole bunch of them on the Ginkle Building, Guv. They are nasty, Guv.



And that's how you got in this tacky State? Hmm. Well, I've tidied you up and two weeks rest will see you fit and fine.



But I can't lie here while those beasts wreak foul havoc upon humanity! I must stop them, I'm the main character!



You are wrong, Mr. Digger, we are the main characters in this comic and we shall bring them to justice.



Enough of these dumb humans, I want to know what happened to the plummeting penguin, did it survive the fall?



Funny you should ask that, Glen me old penguin, I landed on a mattress salesman's sample bag. That's where you found me on your way to.... where are we anyway?



Oh, these are the danky subterranean labyrinth passages that lurketh 'neath England's green landscape.



What are we doing down here, anyway? I'm feeling peckish and there's not a fish around here.



The plot requires a couple of penguins to be present at the next scene. Ah! Here it is!



So, Sir, what have you to say before you meet your end?



Blimey!

I would like to ask you one question, Grim, my very treacherous ex-servant, how come you are still alive after our fall?



It was easy, Doctor D'Cat. As you will recall, we had a fight in between bringing the hamster to life and us falling down the hole.



During the savage fight, and unseen by either you or the readers, I managed to slip into an anti-impact suit. Then we went 'WHAAGH!!'



Therefore, when we hit the pool of primeval gunge, I was perfectly well protected.



Bloop!
Bloop!
Bloop!
Bloop!
Bloop!



No sign of that drottend D'Cat, he must have got up and gone as I was recovering from the sposh! Gosh, am I hungry or what?



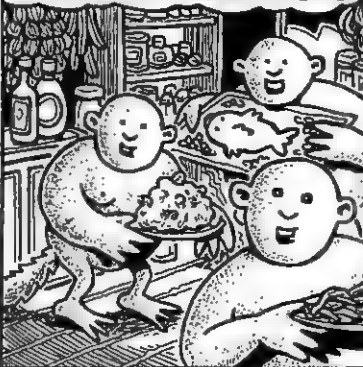
Well, I've been walking about in an aimless fashion for two days now, and I haven't had a bite to eat yet.



And if I don't eat soon, it will be Heap of Dry Bones Time for me.



And that's how I met my new chums, the missing link betwixt ape and human running a fast-food cafe near the Earth's core.

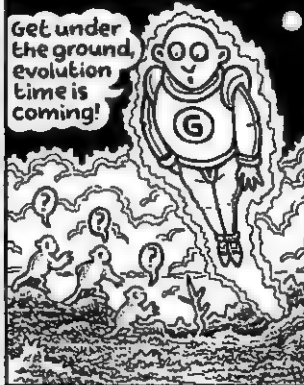


They heaped vast and varied amounts of food upon me, with many fine wines and fizzy drinks and told me that I was The Awaited One.

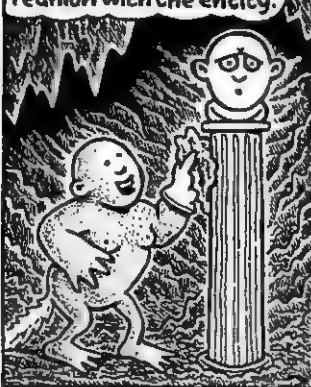


Quite a large bunch of years ago an entity drifted out of the heavens and said....

Get under the ground, evolution time is coming!



While my friends escaped the excesses of evolution, they prepared for their reunion with the entity.



As you can tell by the last panel, they buggered-up the bust a bit and it looks like me. So I'm their god, and they are my furry-tailed followers.



Heh, heh, heh, heh. In fact, I call them Grim's Furry Tails.



Aargh! Don't torture me with those awful jokes! Electrocute me now, please!



Okay chums, splash on the Sacrificial whitewash!



AAAAAH, BLAST IT!!!!



Oh me gawd! Look at him, Glen! He's one of us, he's a penguin!!



Well what are we waiting for? I'll keep them away while you free him!



Stop them! They are spoiling my vengeance!



Oh no! They are getting away! Which means this is my last panel in this present story.



Huff huff! Glad to help you, mate. Huff huff! Us penguins have to stick together. Huff huff! We have to with our hard lives!



Hard lives? Huh! You have to be in a failed mega-rock group to know the true meaning of Hard Life.



My group, D'Catastrophree Four, were meant to be the next high-hype low-talent sensation, like Frankie goes to Hollywood, the Sex Pistols, Sique Sique Sputnik, Velvet Sensation and Dire Straits.

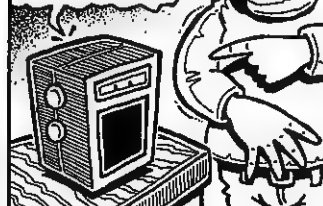


Our gimmick was simple but brilliant. We used the old 'can't play their instruments' insult to our advantage, by removing our hands.

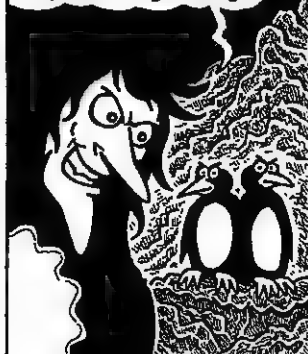


Unfortunately the world was not ready for our unique vision, our musical genius.

Gabba gabba gabba gabba
gabba gabba
look no hands!
Gabba gabba
gabba gabba
look no hands!



Laughed at by the critics, ignored by the public, the group withered and died. But these penguins will help me in my revenge.



Let us now return to the city.
This is the Hellfire Hotel, now
a bed and breakfast hostel
for the homeless.



Admit it Karen, I'm a failure.
I've failed to get a single bit of
work since I arrived, I've led to
our expulsion from social life,
I can't even give you a baby.



Oh don't upset yourself
Luv, go and look at the
neon lights outside.
Cheer yourself up.



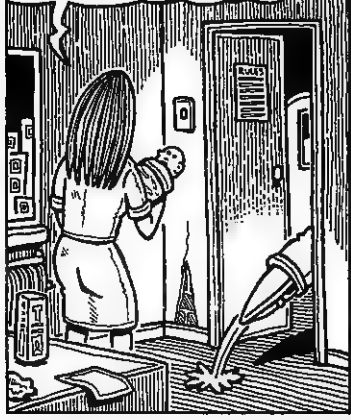
I suppose you are right, Dearest,
I should try to savour whatever
scant pleasures I find in my....
Whaugh! There it is!!



It is the Hamster!
I must destroy it!
See you later.



Benny! Darling! You promised
to stop all this stupidity!



Well, Bee old girl, this is the
building that Mr. Digger told
us about. Let's go up and
deal with the penguins.



Stand aside woman, I have come
to cancel that hamster's future!



Omigawd! It's another
Killerobot! You go on up
while I keep it away!



Okay, put yer fists up and come out fighting, creep!



Oh no! Oh no! Oh me gosh! I'm so sorry! Forgive me, please! It's just my macho brutality



Get away from her, Ben, you big lunk! Have all my lessons against male violence been in vain?



Now move back. Thank God she's a cartoon character, otherwise she'd be dead.



I said I'm sorry! Not much more I can say!

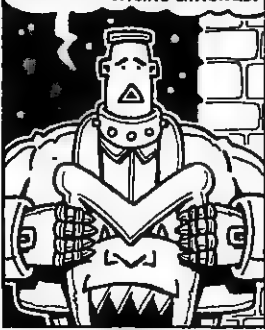
Excuse me for butting in like this, but what the heck's going on? Why is this Savage Killerobot in a second-hand suit?



This is Ben, my husband. He appeared in my bed-sit six months ago looking for a hamster. I managed to look beyond his harsh exterior and glimpsed the pure spirit that quivered within and fell in love. Take off your fright-mask Ben.



Yeah, look. I'm real sorry about hitting you like that, I thought looking after Karen and her kid would calm me down. How can I make amends?



Well you can help me finish my task. There are vicious penguins up there, and my pal is walking into them.



Goshy, that's a whole heap of vicious penguins there.



We-we-we ain't done mu-mu-much since the be-be-beginning of this ta-ta-tale. So ie-lets get the ie-ie-lead out of our wi-wings and-and-and...



and-and take over the wo-wo-world!



Me and Wilf found this huge penguin whilst rummaging about the lower depths. He should come in handy, doncha think, Boss?



Blimey, that's not a penguin, that's the Scientist who put me into this body!



Ha-ha-hang on! That's no pe-penguin, that's a fa-fa-failed rock star! Matt D-D-D-D'cat is his name! Guest st-star on me sh-show he was! K-k-kill him!



Oh piddle, it's Ken the penguin. He's had it in for me since I spiked his cod with vodka. Think, D'cat, think!

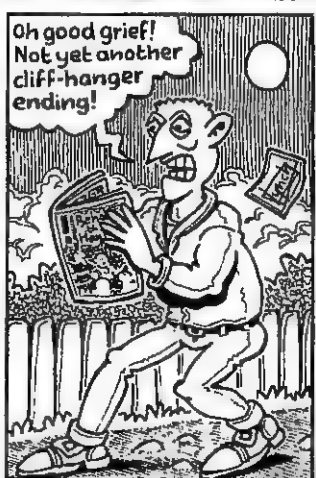
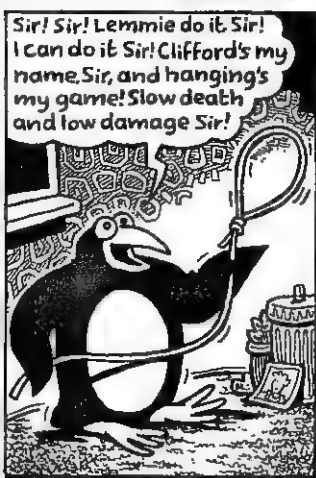
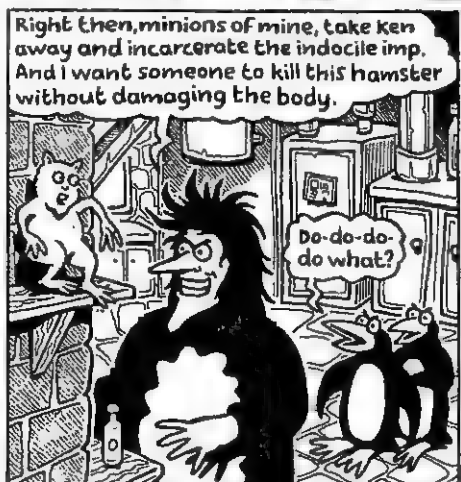


Friends, pals, chums, buddies. Consider the stammerer and the stutterer who consels his ambitious schemes under the pity his speech defect builds over its owner.



Now then, does that bring anyone to mind, huh? Someone not too far away from us at this very moment in time, may I add?





BEHOLD THE HAMSTER

PART FOUR

BY BOB LYNCH

Hold on to your socks, folks!

Lower the noise-level, Lenneth. We have a deposed, despotic penguin to deal with and a hamster to hang.

Sorry.

And once you are dead I'll zap you with electricity and bring you back to life as a superior hamster!

Huh?

Hang about, I know you. You're the mad scientist that put me inside this body. You're mad, you are.

Well gosh already! It's my hamster, alive and well and speaking the Queen's English. This makes up for the loss of my Dinosaur.

So you were responsible for that rampaging reptile, huh? Well I shall deal with you as I dealt with that beast!

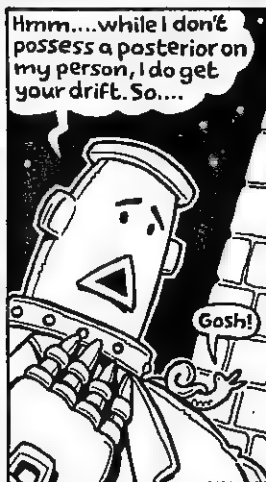
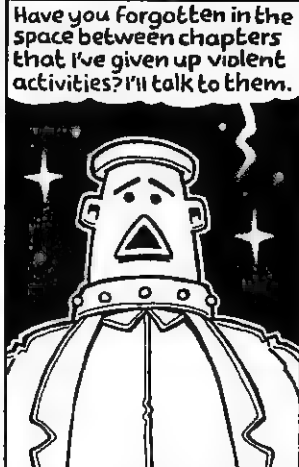
GOSH!

WOW!

You ruined my attempt at vengeance against mankind. For that you shall die a foul death you horrid hamster!

Quick Ben, get up here! That scientist is about to kill Bee!

I'm coming. Mo, it's just that I'm not as fit as I used to be. This non-killing lark has got me out of condition. Phew.



Come on Ben, leave those aquatic assailants alone and arrgh!... curses!



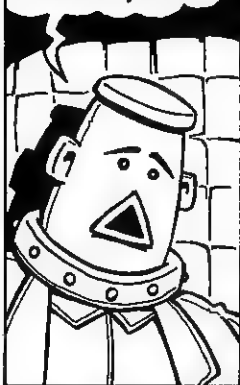
I would if I could, but these pesky penguins are a bit of a hinderance!



Ah... Benny Dearest, Sorry to be such a bore but could you come over here?



Oh dear, sorry about this chaps, but my friends require me.



SO BOG OFF, SCUMBAGS!



Clear off Shaggy! Mo and Bee, grab a firm hold of me. And Mo, tweek me left ear.



Tweek!

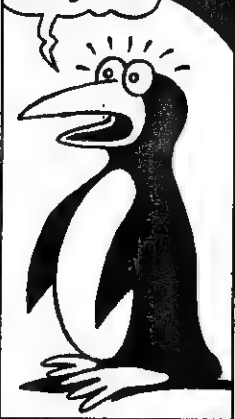


FOP!

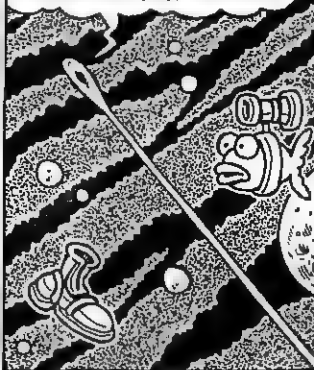


FOP?

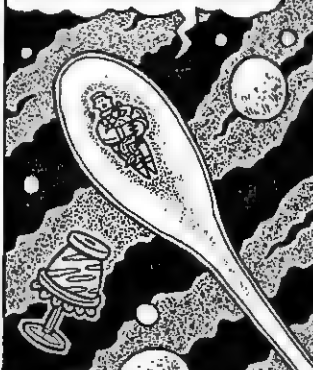
Ba-ba-bia-bla-Bloody Nora!



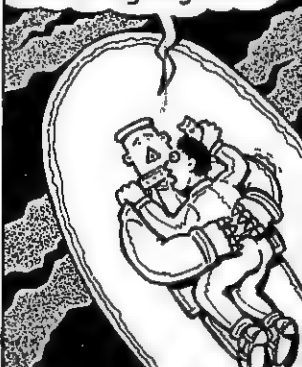
I hate coming across as an ignorant peasant, but is it possible for you to tell us where the heck we are?



We are presently in the wobbly bit between time and space, on our way to the distant future.



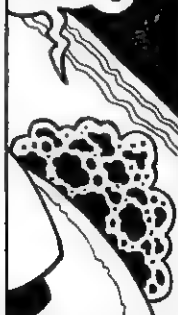
By tweeeking my left ear you activated my Time-Space Automatic Return Device. I'm going home.



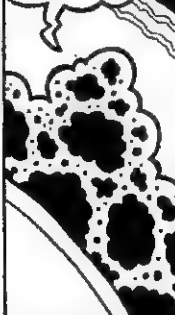
Uhm.... sorry to butt in like this, but what's that amorphous creature on your elbow?



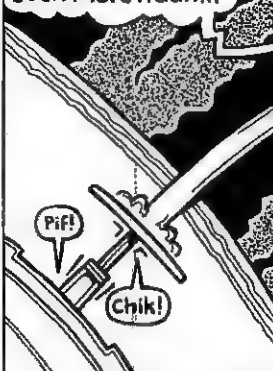
I am the thought mass of Doctor D'cat. You cannot escape me that easy



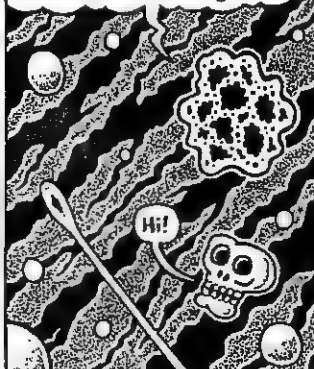
My mind was sucked out when you left so suddenly. And now I am Free!!



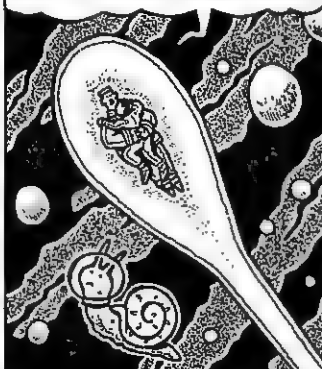
I am free from the confines of my body and can now create even more Haah!!!



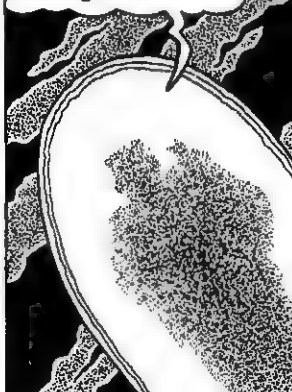
You may have got rid of me now, but if this story ever gets past Part Four, I shall return with a vengeance!



Perhaps it would be best if this story finished here, evil such as that should remain in the cold wastes of limbo.



Anyway, our atoms are about to disseminate. Girdle yer loins, folk!



Ladies and gentlemen....
this is THE DISTANT FUTURE!



Well then, this here's my city.
Hmm... looks a bit strange,
kind of underdeveloped.
I wonder if this is the
right time-zone?



Yup, I am correct. This is
3958, 45 years before the
time of my departure.
The year of... omigosh!



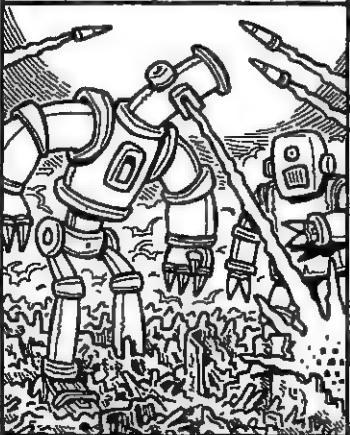
This is the year when our
small companion led an
army of penguins in the
revolt against robot rule.



Background info: In 2020,
after decades of endless
exploitation by humans,
the machines got stroppy.



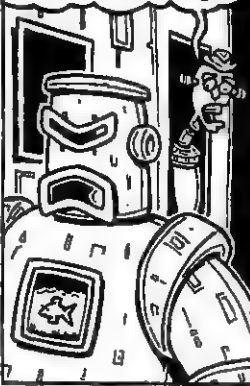
Then events got apocalyptic



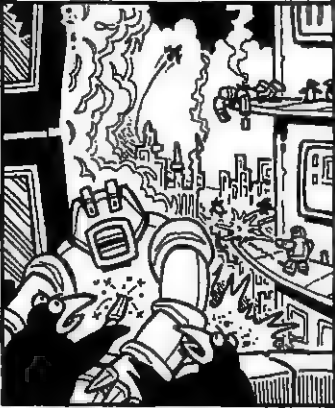
Under the rule of the robots,
the world was tidy and nice
and no humans to mess it up.



Top Digit! Top Digit, sir!
There are platoons of
penguins pounding up
the pavementsways!



And thus, once again, Earth
was plunged into war as
robots battled penguins.

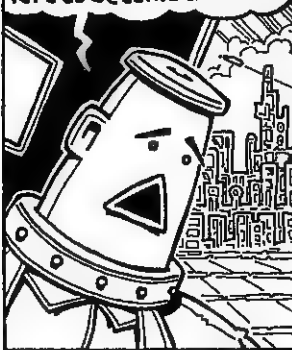


The only lead to how they ended up in the future was through a captive penguin.

It was Be-Be-
Behold the
Ha-Hamster!



Those were the last words the penguin said. Declaring himself sick of the story, he upped and left to become a monk.



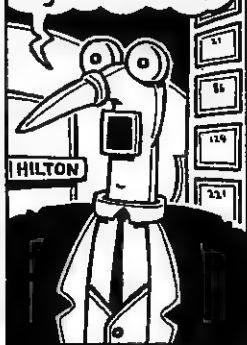
Our leaders used the wonders of Future Technology to track you down. Then they sent us killerbots back to kill you.



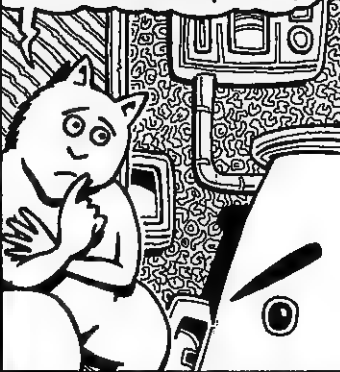
I think we've been out here long enough, let's go find a room and sort all this stuff out.



You can have the Souran Suite, and may I say what a pleasure it is to be in your comic-strip?



Nice room. Now then, it seems as if I have to bring a flock of penguins to this time. But how can we accomplish this?



I'm the only time-machine round here. We'll have to recharge my photons and dial your year into my computer. Come on Bee.



I'll come along too, I could do with some chews and we might find a sweet shop.



Nogo, Mo. There's many human hating robots out there, and, unlike me, you can't fit in Ben's pockets.



Oh well, if I'm going to be stuck in this room I might as well have me a hot shower.



All this rushing about, fighting, climbing and wooshing through time has.... huh?



Oi! What yer think this is? A bloody peep-show? Go and piss off!



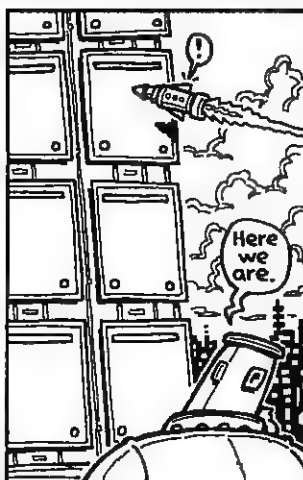
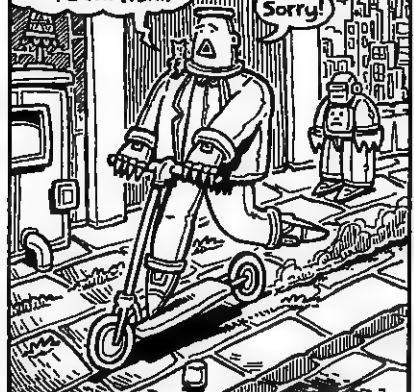
Hmm... the City Hall is thirteen sectors away. We need transport.



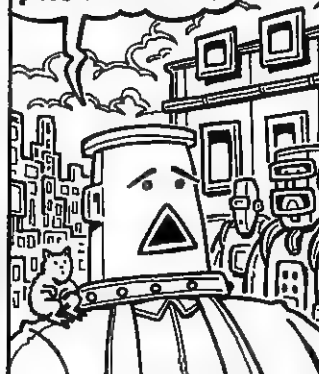
Hey great, futuristic transport! Rockets and atomic cars and....



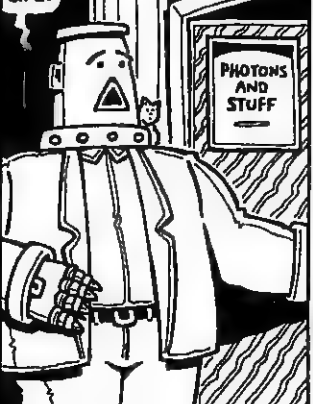
Hmm... yeah... a scooter. Good one, Ben. (Tsk!)

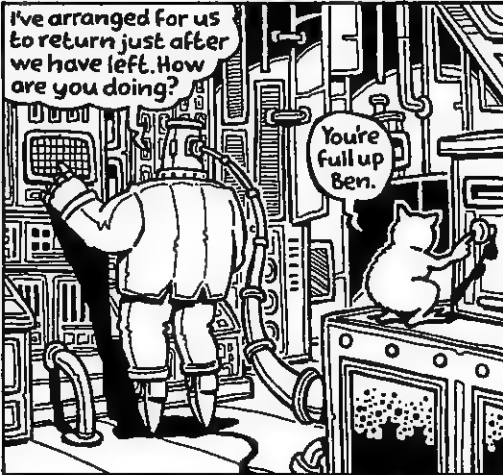


Let's scuttle around until we find the room where they keep all their photons and stuff.



Here we are.

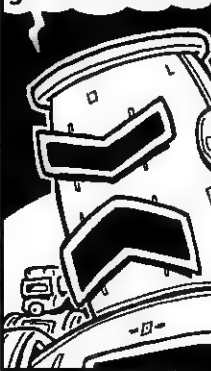




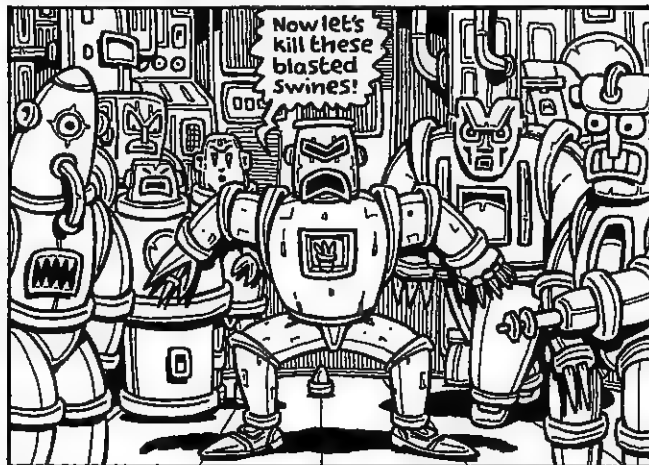
Now let us collect Mo-dette, return to my time and start the revolt!



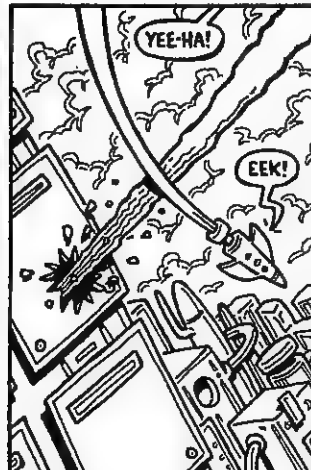
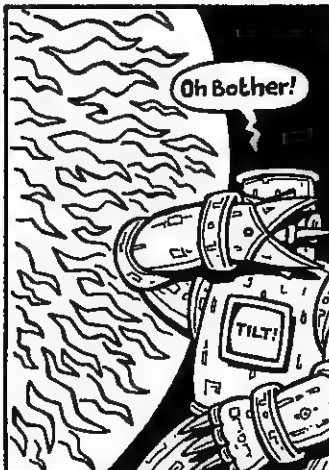
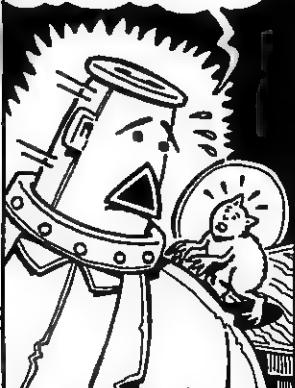
Not so fast, it did not take us long to figure out that you are not dead!

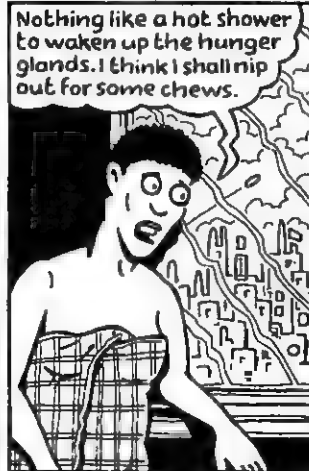
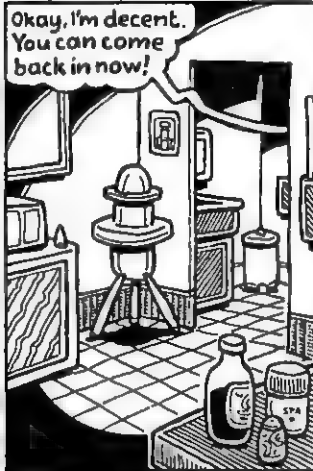


We also checked your files, Ben Zene, and discovered your traitorous activities.



Quick! Grab a hold Behold! We have to go back now and pick up Mo later!





Sigh.... it's almost half an hour and still no sign of them. What's happening?



I say there, this is the Ginkle building, isn't it? We're trying to find a girl, a hamster and a bunch of penguins.



They have gone up to that shed on the top with Ben, my hubby, to... oh my god!...



What's that?

This looks serious! Stand aside girls while I sort this out! This may require a bit of force!!



Pah! Give them a willy and they think they're Indiana Bloody Jones!



Pig!

That was rather harsh. I mean, she's got that baby to look after and Doris has her shin-bone complaint and it's sure to be rough up there and men are physically stronger and it's not macho to realise that and somebody has to deal with those nasty penguins and women can be so insensitive.



Anyway, back to the plot!



BAD YEAR

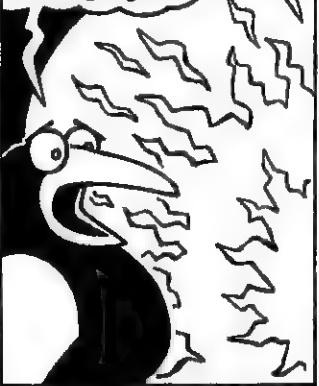
Okay, you bums, hand over the robot, the girl and the hamster or I'll.... oh gosh!



Ri-ri-rightio! I wa-want to see bla-bla-blood on your blades be-be-before break-breakfast, boys!



Oh bloody No-No-Nora! They-they-they're back ag-again!



Okay, you creeps! Last one to engage me in a bout of fisticuffs is a silly cissy!



Ki-ki-kill!

Oops.

They're all on, we should be off and away now.



Those foul fowl are about to get Helen. I must leap!



Thank God for ballet lessons.



URK!



Gosh!



That was close, Helen. If I'd hung back for one more second you'd have died like the rest of them.



You daft pillock. They arn't dead, Ben's taken the penguins back to the future where he will collect Mo-dette.



They should be back soon, we'll just wait here till they arrive.



Time slipped by. Six hours later.

It looks like Mo and Ben ain't coming back. Bee, I'm frightened, something must have gone wrong.



This is silly, Helen, your friends must be dead. Take your leave of this lady and return home.



It's not as simple as you think. My body once lived with you, but my mind and spirit are strangers to you, joined to this form by cosmic forces.



So I'm afraid you'll have to leave me here. I'm sorry to upset you, but it's best this way.



To tell the truth, me and Mavis are rather bored with having you for a pet and were only doing this as a plot device. Are you coming with us, Mrs. What-ever-your-name-is?



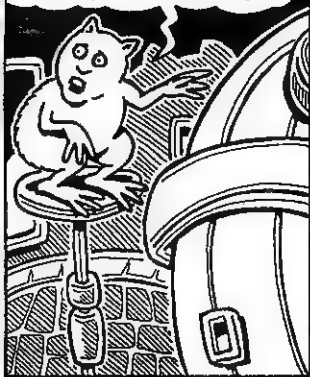
No, I'll stay here, the epilogue will be along soon.



the EPILOGUE



What...? Oh yes, this, I've been considering my role as a comic strip character for the past few months.



I mean, superior intellect is all very well, but it don't match sheer physical power in comic sales.



So I've used my intelligence to improve my position. And the people of this world will cry out as one....



BEHOLD THE HAMSTER!

You look more like a fat cat.



OUT OF THE BOX

BY BOB LYNCH

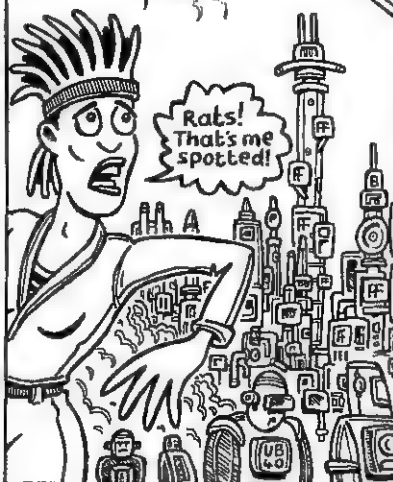
Organic female on the street!
GET HER!



I'd better get back home
before they turn me into
an extinct Mo-dette!

Hold it
miss.

Bee told me not
to go out, but I
needed to have
some more
chews.



Rats!
That's me
spotted!



I'll have to take
the quick way up!

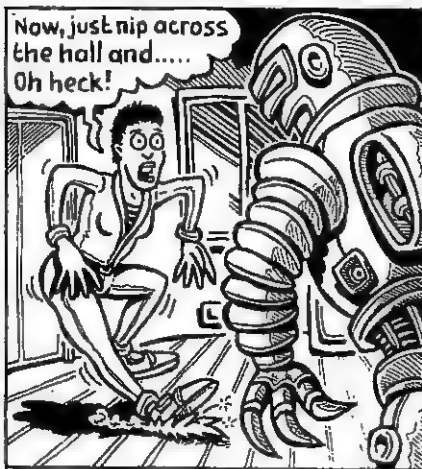
Bing!

Excuse
me!



This bleeding wig
wasn't much cop
as a disguise. Aha!
The thirteenth
floor.

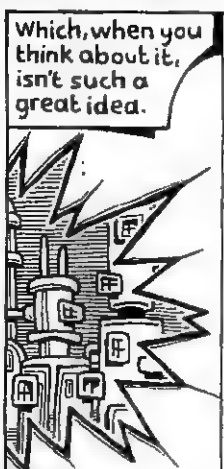
You are
HOME!



Now, just nip across
the hall and.....
Oh heck!



Only one way
out of this, and
that's out of
the window!



Which, when you
think about it,
isn't such a
great idea.

Oh heck! heck! heck!
Did you have to do
that after I have
vacuumed the
carpet? And....



...did you realise that
I've been in love with
you since the very first
episode of 'Mo-dette in
the Robot Age'?

That was no television
series, dolt, that was
real life, with real
monster machines!



Inside that
television is a
world where
even electric
toothbrushes
can kill!



Oh come now Mo!
All of that is behind
you, this is the
real world!



Call this real
life? This is
nothing more
than....



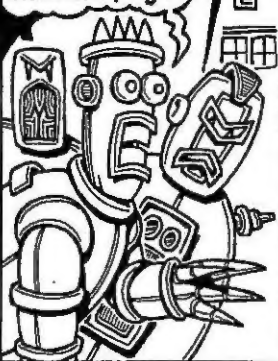
... a cartoon strip
located inside a
comic book.



There's no need to be
like that, this may be
nothing more than
fanciful fiction, but
at least there's no
killerobots here!



What did I tell you?
All the work for the
likes of us is on
the first page.



Sniff...when you fell
out of the telly I
thought my dreams
had come true. But
all you've done is
criticise me! SOB!
WAAAAH! SOB!



Look, you're a nice Fella. let's dim the lights, mix some cocktails, put on some smokey-smooth soul and have a smoochy-dance.



Gee Mo, that's a real neat idea. But first I'd better turn off the box before it starts a fire in here.



Uh, I'm not too sure if that's a great...



...idea!



Oh dear.



she's gone.



You see, dear reader, Mo-dette was still part of the television. So, when the box was switched off, so was she.



And that is how Sav Sadness lost the love of a good woman.



when he had sobered up, Sav went to the local television shop to make a purchase.



After all, he mused, they would have to repeat that episode sometime or other.

